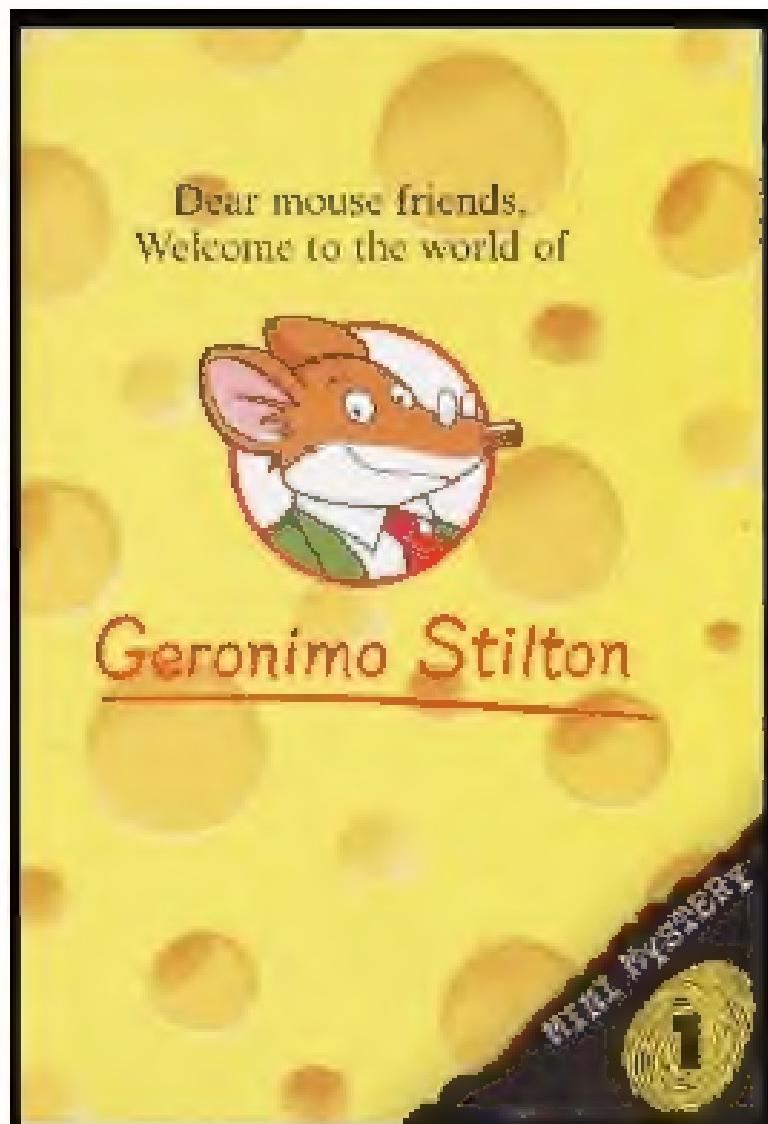
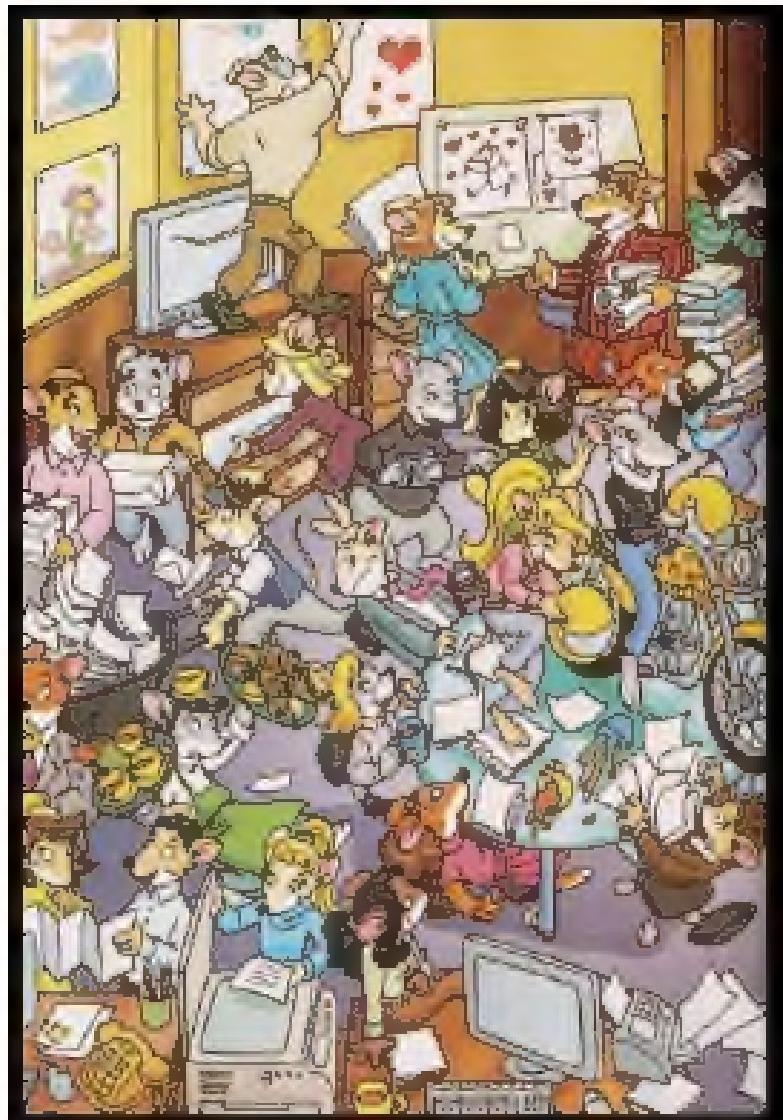


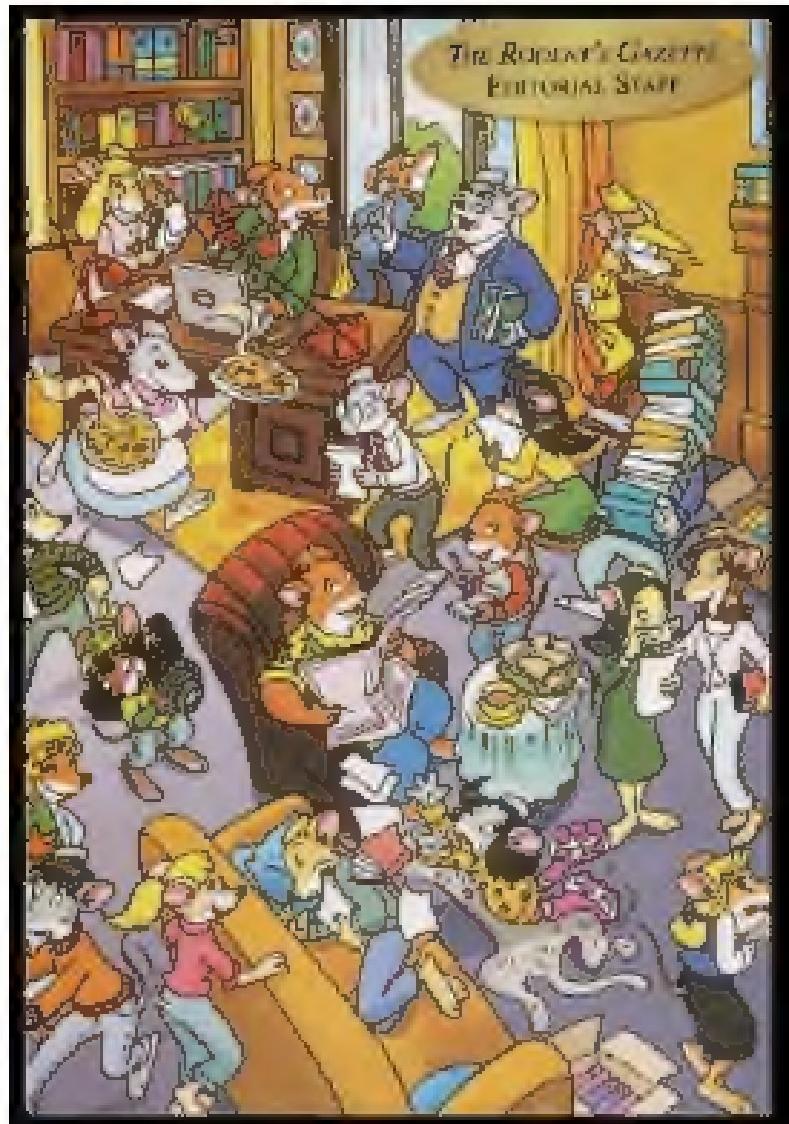
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Geronimo Stilton

**THE SUPER
SCAM**



Scholastic Inc.

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ONE LONG WEEK

It was a ~~wonderful~~ ~~long~~ evening in November.
I was at home, sprawled out on my
favorite pawchair in front of a cozy fire.
It had been one **LONG** week. I had been
running my tail off at the newspaper.



Oops! Excuse me — I always forget to introduce myself. My name is Stilton. *Geronimo Stilton*, I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.



Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, I was relaxing at home with a **STEAMING** cup of chamomile tea in my left paw and a pawful of my favorite chocolate **Creamy Chews** in my right.

Soothing classical music filled the room. I was listening to the one and only **Mozart**. What a musical genius! I sighed happily.

I had just closed my eyes and put my
puws up on my pawrest when all of a
sudden . . .

DING DONG!

My doorbell rang.
I jumped a foot, flinging my tea
into the air.
So much for a relaxing night!



URGENT LETTER FOR MR. GERONIMO STILTON

I shuffled to my front door.

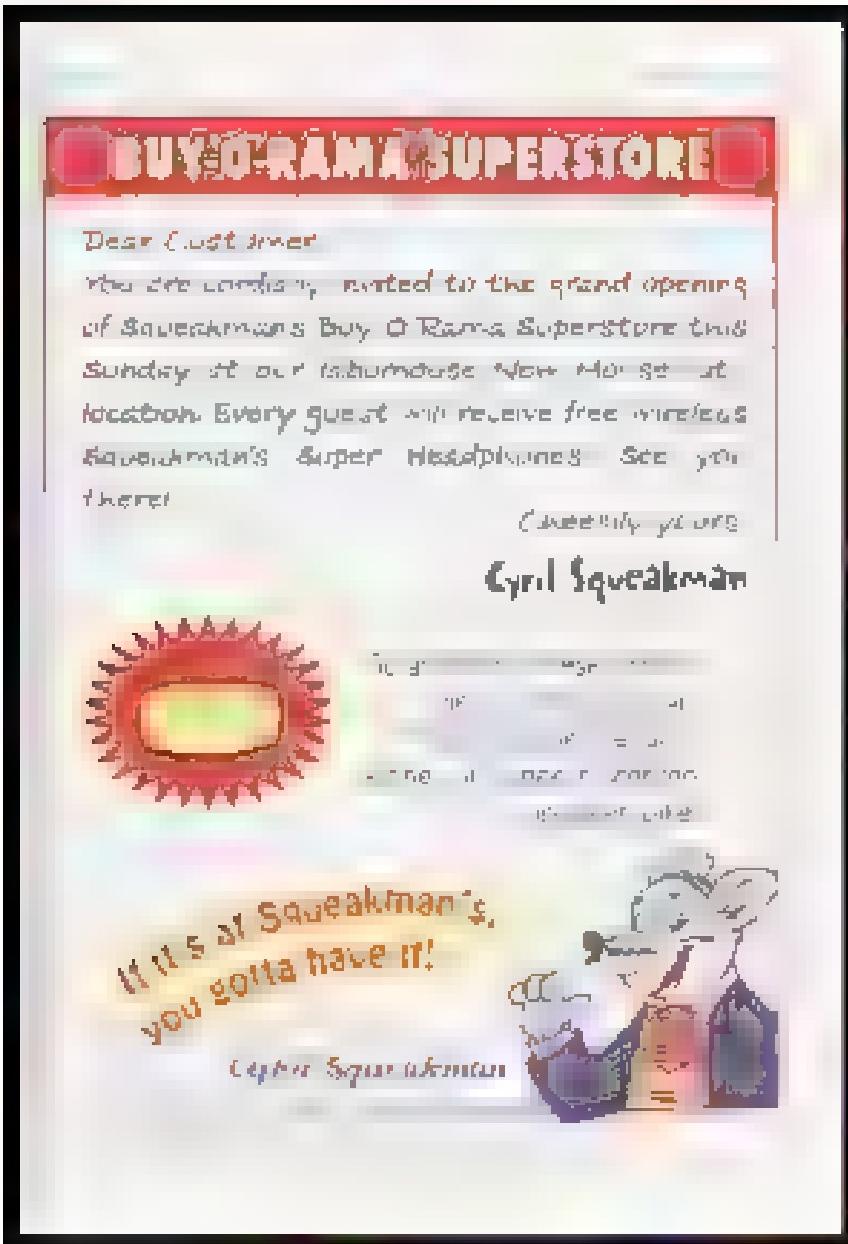
"Who is it?" I squeaked nervously. It was after ten p.m. Who would be ringing my doorbell so late?

"**Mail!**" yelled a high-pitched voice on the other side.

Mail? In the middle of the night?

"**URGENT** letter for Mr. Geronimo Stilton. Can you please open the door? I need your signature," the voice continued.

I opened the door, signed a form, then returned to my pawchair to read the **letter**. It said:



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I was thinking about what I would do
with a cheese scented mountain bike. I'm
not a great biker when the phone rings

Once again I jumped a foot this time
flinging the letter in the air
So much for a relaxing night!



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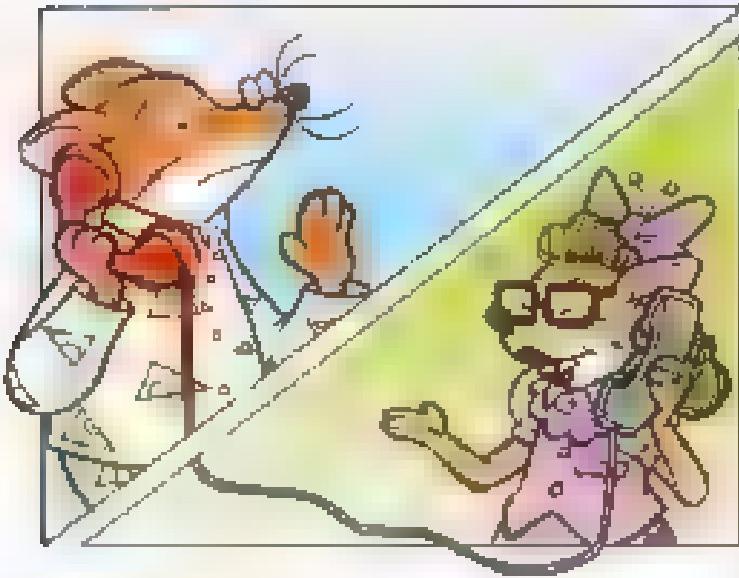
HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

As soon as I picked up
the phone, a mouse began
squeaking my ear off



"**HELLO! HELLO!**
HELLO! I'm Cindy from
Squeakma's Bay O Rata Superstore
and do I have some **news** for
you!" she gushed. "You are the lucky
winner of a **FREE** g. It came to me at our
new store!"

Last present, the **card** at I you receive



a **FREE** pair of Squeakman's super
stretchy "suspender."

I tried to explain that I prefer wearing
a **BELT** but she cut me off.

"WHY NOT?", that mouse could
squeak. She insisted that I write down

a **secret code** that would allow me to collect my prize

But while trying to get a notepad, I
on the phone cord and fell
flat on my snout!

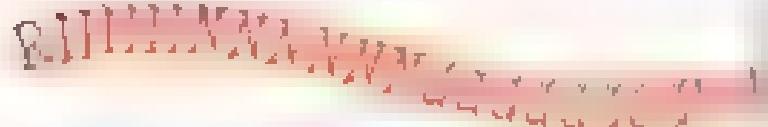
KABOOM!



*Forget the suspenders I might need
a pair of crutches I thought as Cinx
rattled off my **secret code**. Then she
chirped good bye and [REDACTED] before I
had a chance to write it down.*

*"Thanks," I murmured, still lying on
the floor.*

*A few seconds later the phone rang
again.*



So much for a [REDACTED] night!

It

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CAN WE Go?

I sighed and picked up the phone
"Stilton residence," I answered

DRIVING WEST AT 75, EXACTLY DOWNTOWN

In Uncle "a little voice"

I cheered up instantly. It was my dear
nephew **BENJAMIN**.

I would do ~~anything~~
for him! So when
he asked me if I
would take him to
the opening, I said
YES without
even thinking



[I] realized I had ————— what opening he was talking about

'The grand opening of S.B.S., of course!' he explained

'SBS?' I mumbled

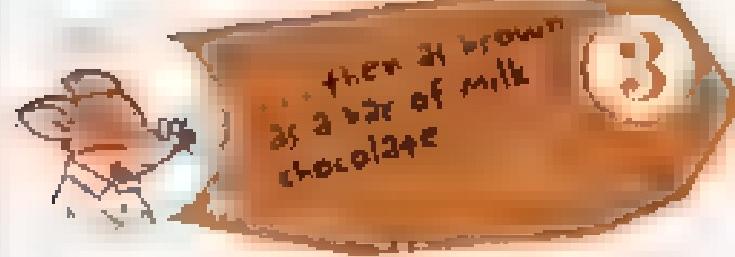
"It's a new store," he said.
He turned to me. "Didn't you see the commercial on TV? They're giving away **FREE** sets of Super Quick Tan Super Headphones. Can we get 'em please?"



First I turned as yellow as Swiss cheese



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If there's one thing I hate, it's shopping! And I especially hate those ginormous shopping centers they're usually filled with enough **MALL RATS** But I would rather RP out all my whiskers than disappoint my nephew.

So I said, "Of course, we can go! In fact we'll be the **last** ones to get there!"

JUST A FEW MORE PAWSTEPS!

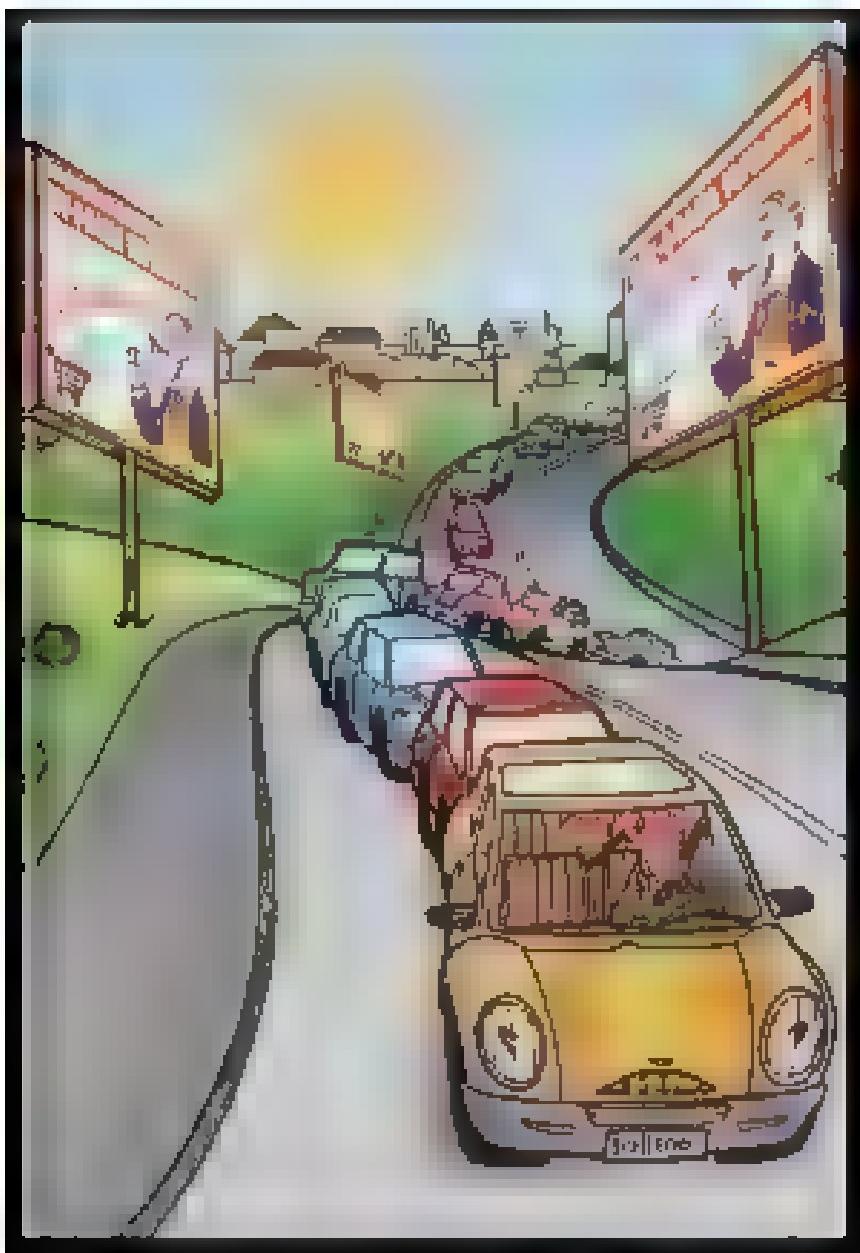
What a bad idea!

That Sunday everyone else in New Mouse City also went to the **GRAND OPENING** of **BUY-O-RAMA**. As soon as we got in the car, we were stuck in a **HUGE** traffic jam!

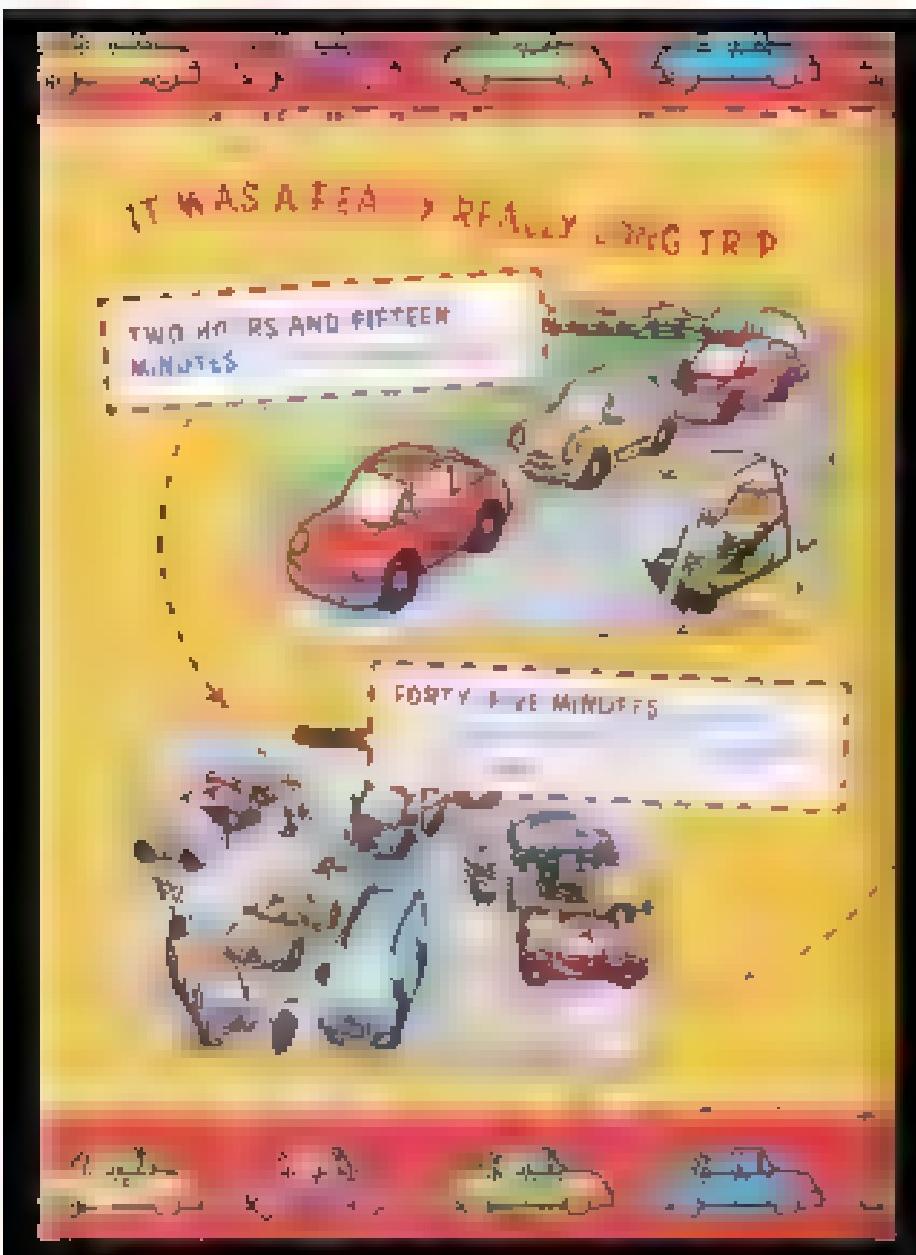
The whole time, the face of Cyril Squeakman  down at us from billboards on the side of the road



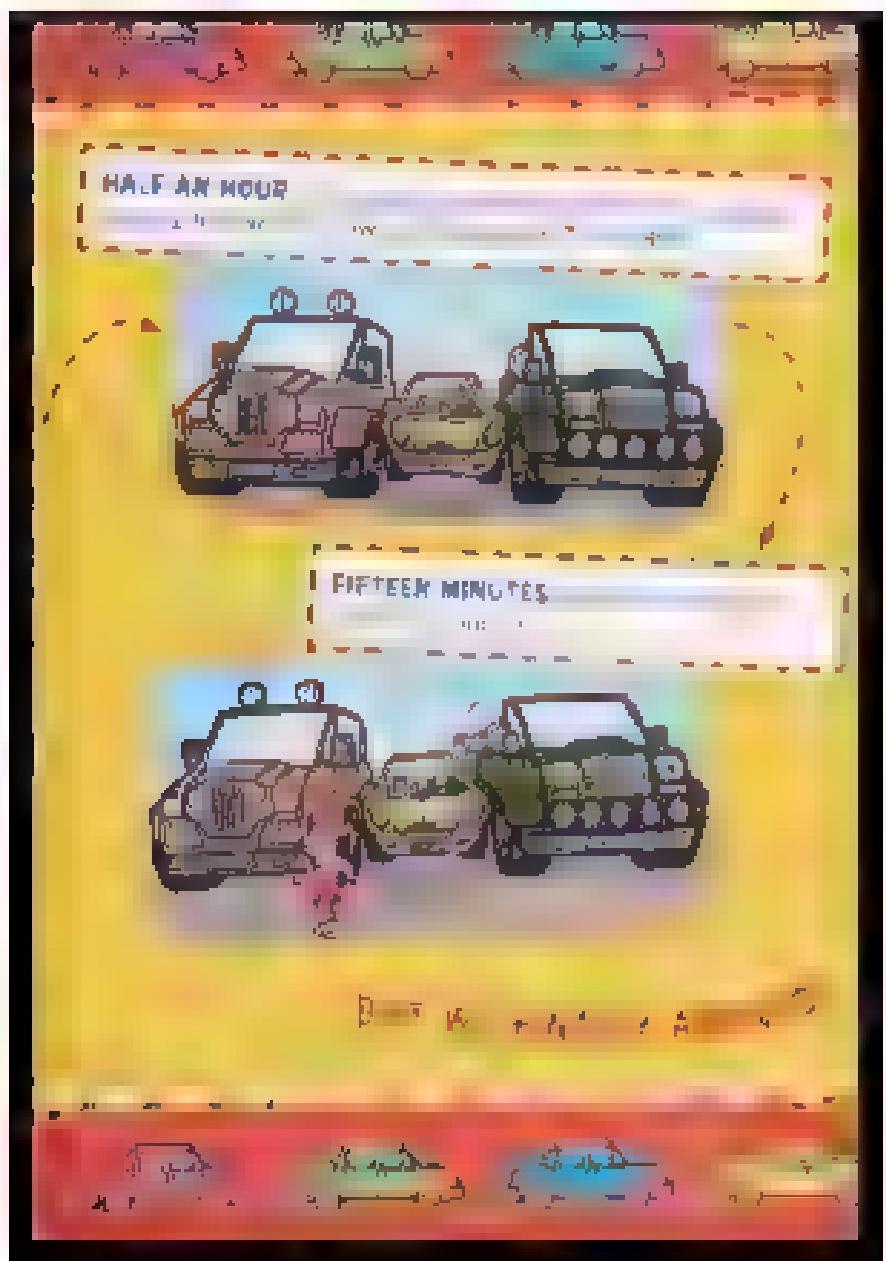
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We I, I thought we had arrived. Until I realized that we had to cross **ALL** the parking lots and follow a **TON** of signs to get there.

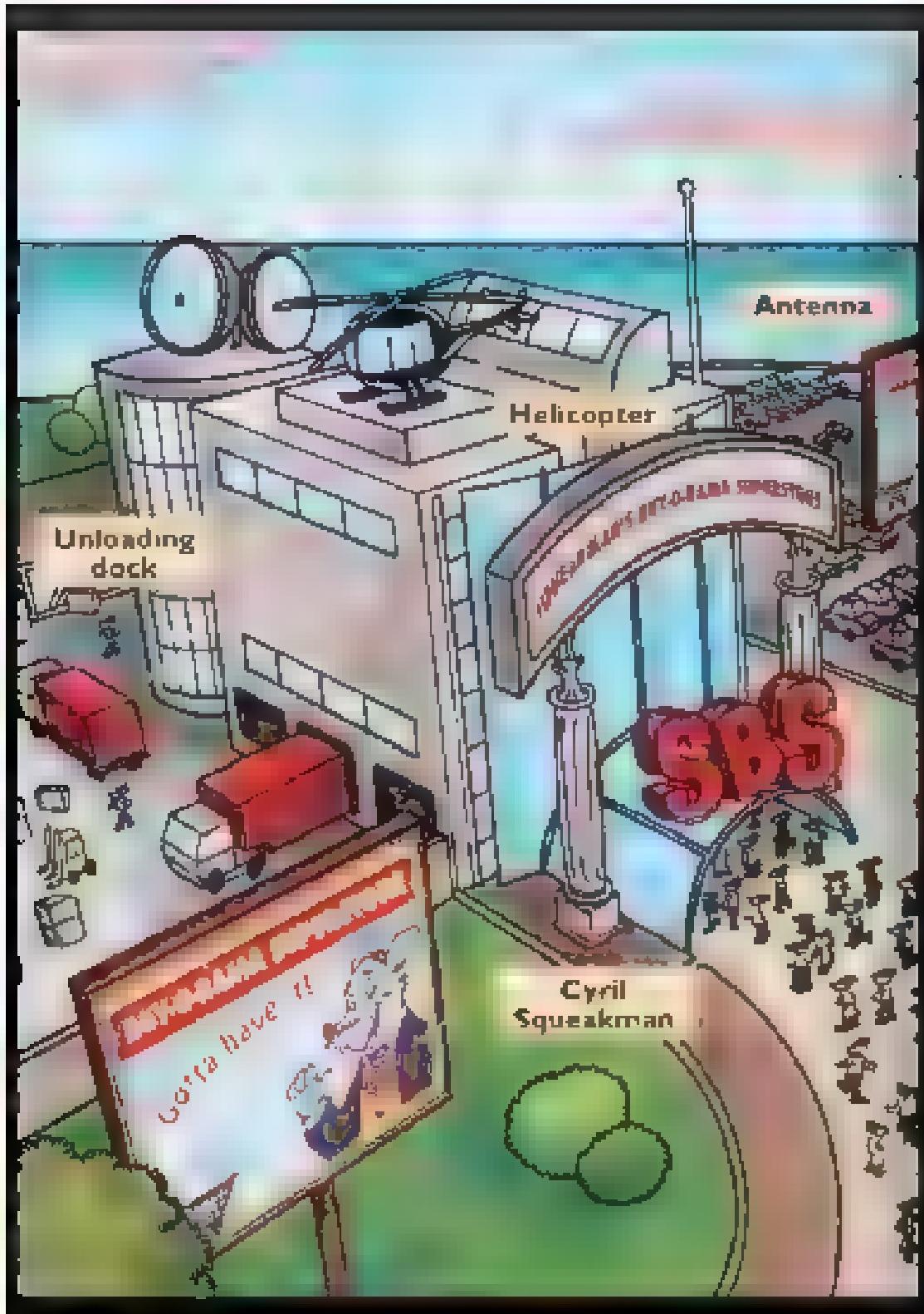


What a workout I was **EXHAUSTED**. Did I mention I'm not the most athletic mouse on the block?

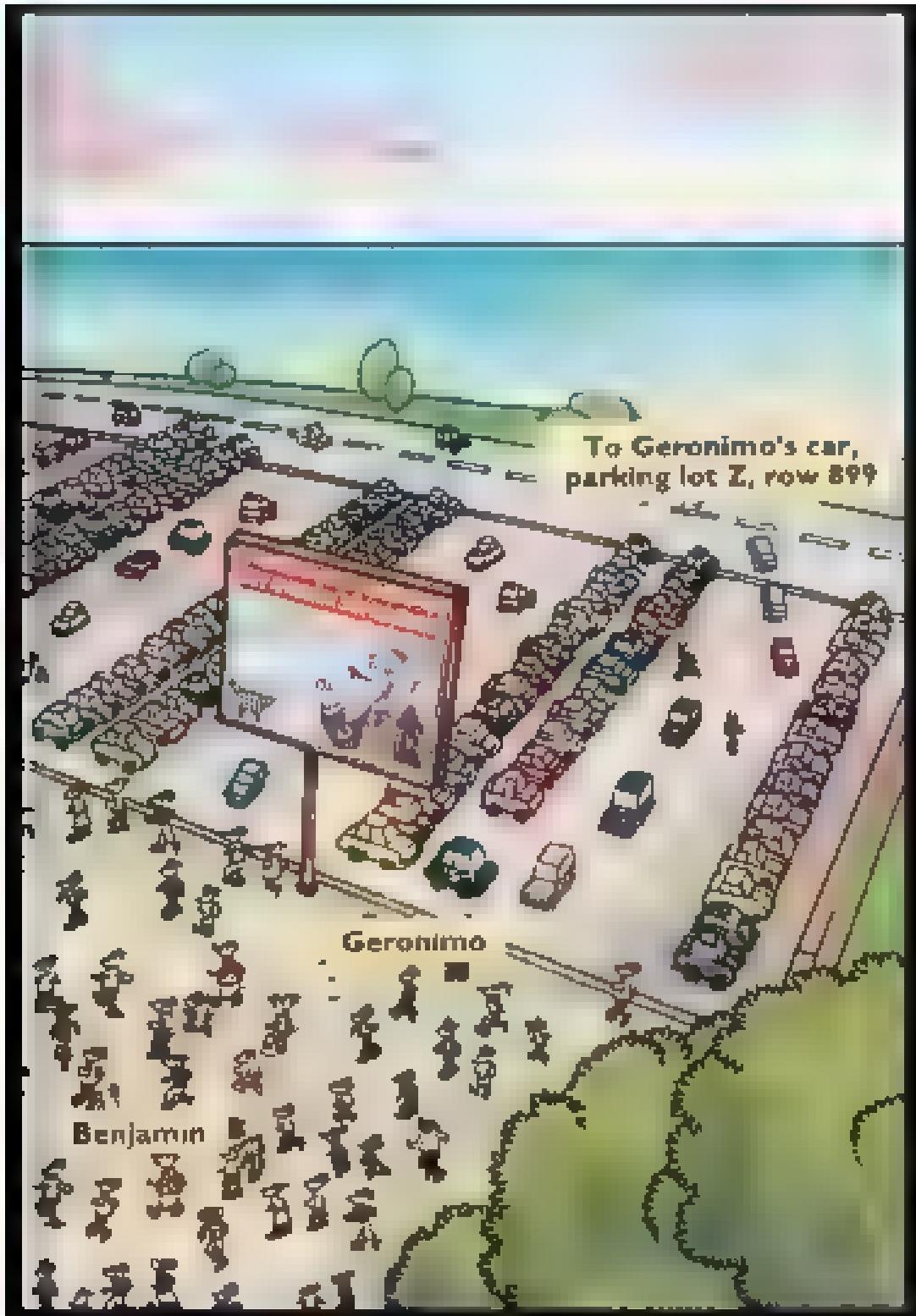
"Come on, Uncle. You can do it!" Benjamin encouraged me. I tried to

... but by the time I arrived at the entrance to Squeakman's Buy-O-Rama Superstore, I was a ~~FEAR~~^{FROST}! My heart was **POUNDING** and my tongue was dangling out of my mouth.





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A LONG LINE OF MICE

When I stopped panting, I looked around. The first thing I noticed was a helicopter parked on the roof. Then I saw a really TALL antenna tower.



A LONG line of mice stood in front of a big flashing sign that read FREE.

Benjamin and I got in line with everyone else. While I was waiting, I

I tried not to SCREAM. It wasn't easy, because



MY PAW GOT STEPPED
ON 36 TIMES!



GOT ELBOWED IN THE
STOMACH 14 TIMES!



A VERY HEAVY MOUSE
FELL ASLEEP ON MY
SHOULDER!

After forty-five minutes, we FINALLY arrived at the counter, where *Geronimo Squeakman* himself waited on us with a big GRINNY smile.



CRUISE!

What strange thing do you notice on the roof of Squeakman's store?

CYRIL SQUEAKMAN

"Mr Stilton! What a pleasure!" he bellowed, **crushing** my paw in his

I blinked "Do we know each other?" I asked wincing. My paw was **throbbing**. Where was a nice bucket of **ice** when you needed one?



"Oh, don't be shy, Stilton! I'm a big fan! *The Rodent's Gazette* . . . your many books . . . I've read them all!" he declared. His smile was so . . . it hurt my eyes.

"And who is this adorable young mouse?" he asked, patting Benjamin on the back.



"This is my nephew Benjamin," I replied.

"Nice to meet you, Benny!" he said in his **TOO-LOUD** voice.

Then he handed us each a headset.

"Here are your **FREE** gifts! Two incredible sets of Squeakman's Super Headphones. Put them on! They will help you select our products. And you use this button for your **CUSTOMER SUPPORT** questions. Happy shopping, Stilton!" he cried, wagging my paw once more.

I wondered if I would ever be able to write with it again.

GOTTA HAVE IT!

Benjamin put on his headphones and took off into the crowd

"Wait for me!" I called, grabbing a shopping cart

But he couldn't hear me



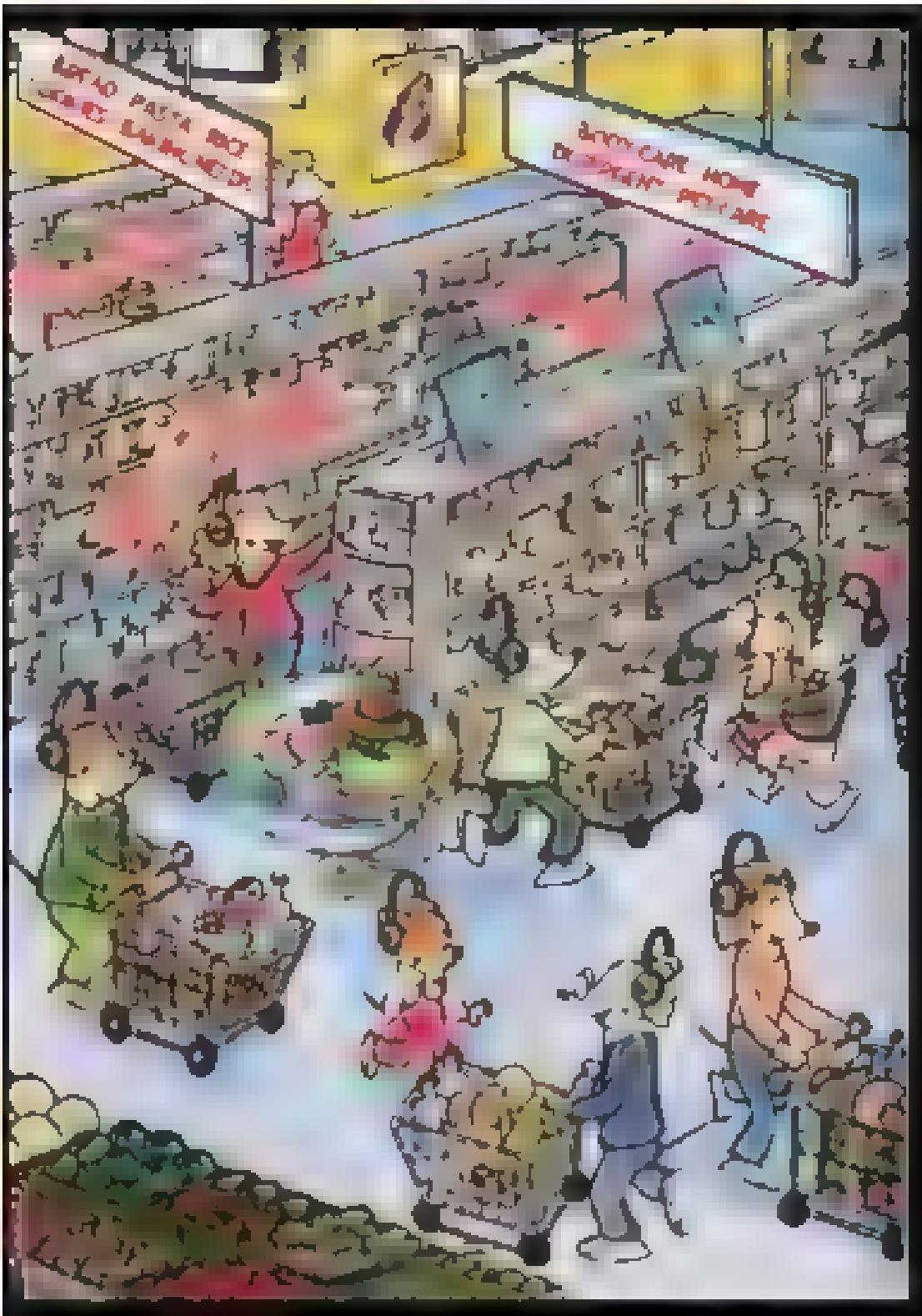
I sighed and put on my headset. I was definitely not in the **Mood** to shop, but what else could I do?

The minute I put on the headset, music filled my ears. Suddenly, I had the urge to .

And when I glanced up, I realized everyone else was , too!



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I tried to resist the temptation to dance, but it was practically impossible (HOW STUPID — I don't even like dancing!)

I found myself JUMPING around with my headset on. I felt so happy!

I looked at the shelves and started to grab everything in my reach.

I got . . .



5 pounds of Swiss cheese,
2 Squeakman's alarm clock radios,
10 containers of Squeakman's
shower gel,
13 baseball hats that said "I love
SB\$!"
1 Squeakman's Multi-tasker
Smoothie Machine with a built-in
fur dryer, and
7 tubes of fur-quenching aloe
butter!



Benjamin was doing the same thing
He had put in the cart:



- 1 enormous teddy bear,
- 7 Squeak-Station video games,
- 2 pairs of swim fins,
- 3 boxes of Squeakman's chocolates,
- 100 Inflatable balloons,
- 12 blue SBS bouncy balls, and
- 1 giant motorized car shaped like an elephant!

As I shopped, I sang out, "Geronimo! I love it!" I was so happy!



Why do Geronimo and Benjamin suddenly feel so happy and have a strange desire to dance?

POP! POP! POP!

Soon I was pushing such a **FULL** cart
that I couldn't even see where I was
going. I ended up **CRASHING** into
another Squeakman's Super Cart
with items. It was being pushed
by a large mouse.



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She was moving so *fast* she rolled right over me and kept on going I hit the ground with a **thud** that sent my headset flying Then I heard a sound like a thousand soap bubbles popping



POP,

When the sound stopped, I looked around in confusion..

Why was everyone dancing and singing, "**G** **I** **H** **E** **IT!**"?

Even my nephew Benjamin was kicking up his paws and singing I felt like I was stuck in the middle of a **G** **I** **H** **E** **IT!** music video!



How STRANGE!

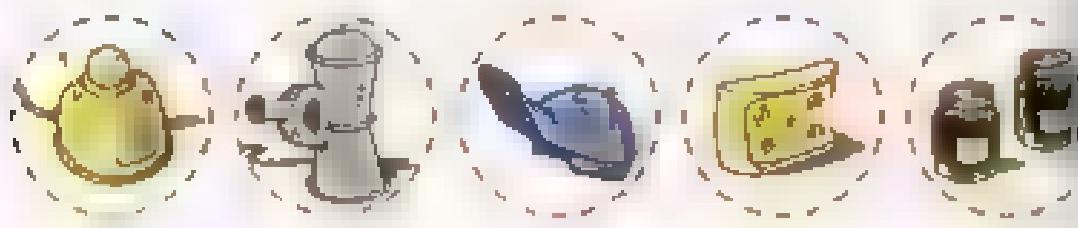
Just then a security mouse in ~~dark~~ glasses approached me. He was dressed in black and had a small microphone in front of his mouth.

"Are you **OKAY**, sir?" he asked me.

"Well . . . I . . .," I began.

But he cut me off

"Let me help you," he said. Then he



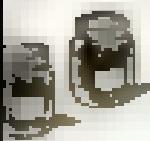


picked up everything and put it back in my cart.



"Th-th-thank you,"

I stammered. The dark glasses were so **CREEPY**. Why wear them inside? I thought about asking him,



but instead I said, "Why is everyone **singing** and **dancing**?"



The security mouse ignored me.



He just **put** my headset back onto my head. Then he squeaked into his microphone:



"DANGER AVERTED.

SETJATION UNDER CONTROL."



I started to **FROWN**, but then I heard the music coming from my headset. I was **had Py** again!

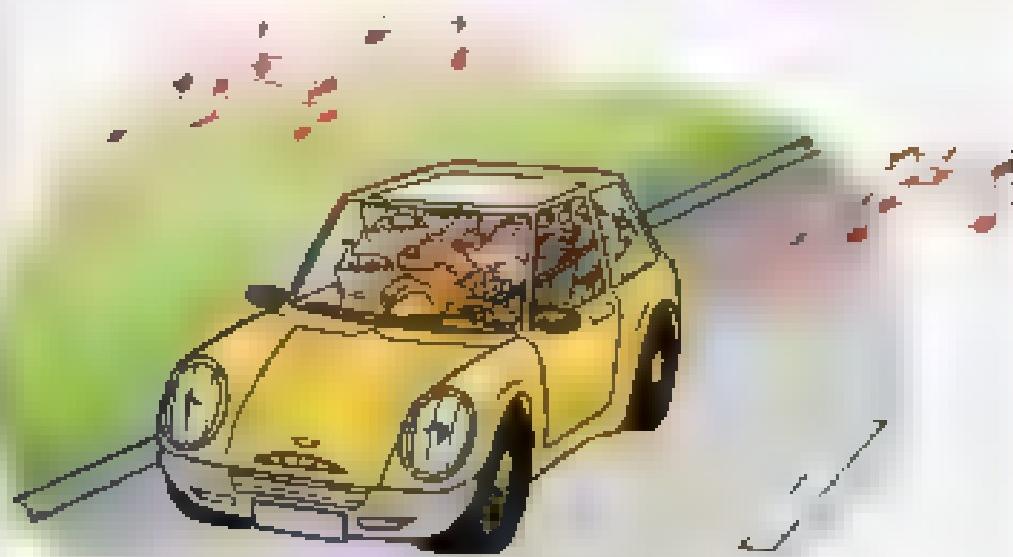
Before long I met up with Benjamin at **REGISTER NUMBER 320**.

CLUE #3

Why did the security mouse say "danger averted" into his microphone?

DID YOU GO SHOPPING?

I spent a **TON** of money without batting a whisker — we needed **LOTS** of shopping bags for all the things we bought! Plus, I received my free Squeakman's super-**stretchy** suspenders even though I didn't have the **secret code**.



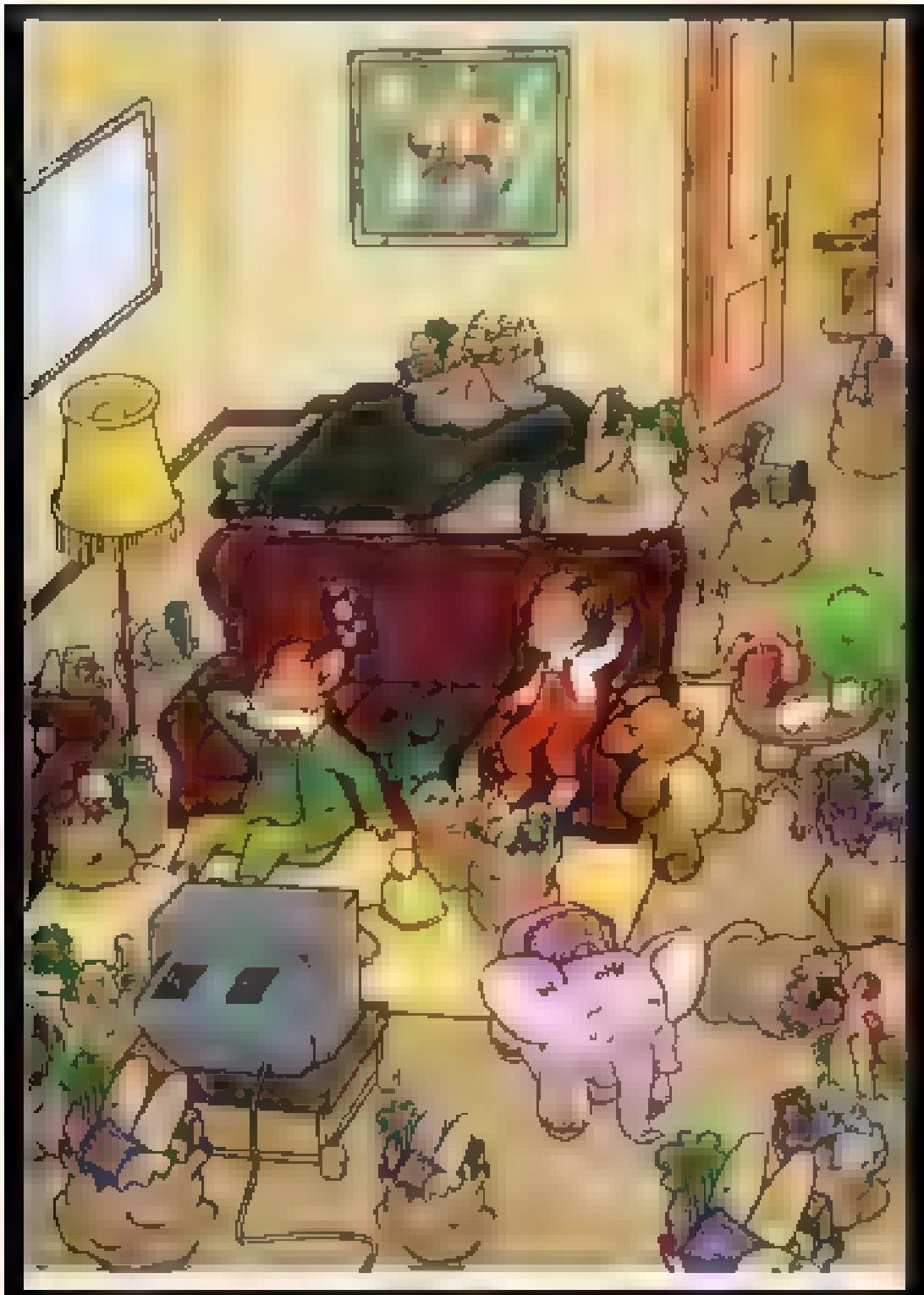
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I was so **happy**. It took me forever to get everything packed into the car, but I never stopped **smiling**. Finally, we took off, **SINGING** at the tops of our lungs along with the music on our headsets "**Catch me!**"

At home, we unloaded our purchases in the living room. Then the **music** in my headset turned off by itself. Again I heard a sound like a thousand soap bubbles popping.



I looked around the room at all the useless **JUNK** I had bought. Suddenly, I began to feel very **unhappy**.



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Meanwhile, Benjamin was still smiling, staring into space, and listening along with his headphones. What was happening? Why did the music have this **Stun** effect?

I pulled the headset off Benjamin's head. After a few minutes, he stared at me, looking totally **Confused**, and said, "What is all this stuff, Uncle? Did you go shopping?"

HE DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING!

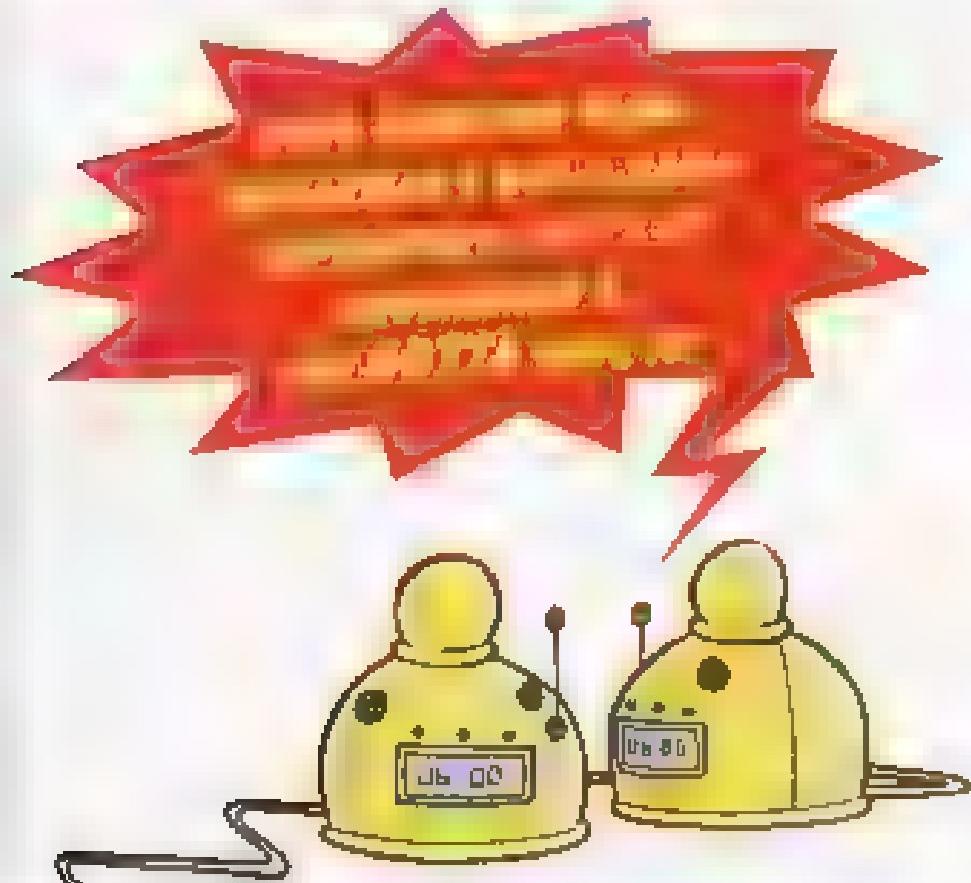
By now, I was feeling totally **confused** myself. Why would I go shopping?

Was it all a bad dream?

I was so exhausted I decided to sleep on it.

WHAT KIND OF PRODUCT WAS THIS?

The next day at six in the morning, the two Squeakman's alarm clock radios began **SQUEAKING** so loud I leaped out of bed like a **HIGH-JUMP** champion'



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Suddenly, I remembered shopping at Squeakman's, and all the Benjamin and I had bought. I took a shower with my new Squeakman's shower gel, and within two or three minutes I was covered in itchy red bumps. What kind of product was this?



I thought I would get rid of them with a little Squeakman's aloe balm, but the bumps just spread, and the evening got **WORSE!**

What kind of product was this?



Then I tried to make myself
a mozzarella and banana-kiwi
smoothie with my new
Squeakman's Multi-tasker
Smoothie Machine with built-in
fur dryer. But when I turned
on the blender, the fur dryer kicked
on too, *pop!* shake all over my
head and the kitchen ceiling. What kind
of product was this?

I cleaned myself up and
tried on my new Squeakman's
super stretchy suspenders.
But they **stretched** so
much my pants fell to the
floor. *What kind of product
was this?*



Finally, I opened up a box of Squeakman's chocolates. **HOW** can you mess up chocolate? But after only one nibble, my teeth were completely **glued** together!

I promised myself I would never set foot in that junk-filled **SUPERSTORE** ever again! I headed out to my office, **fuming**.



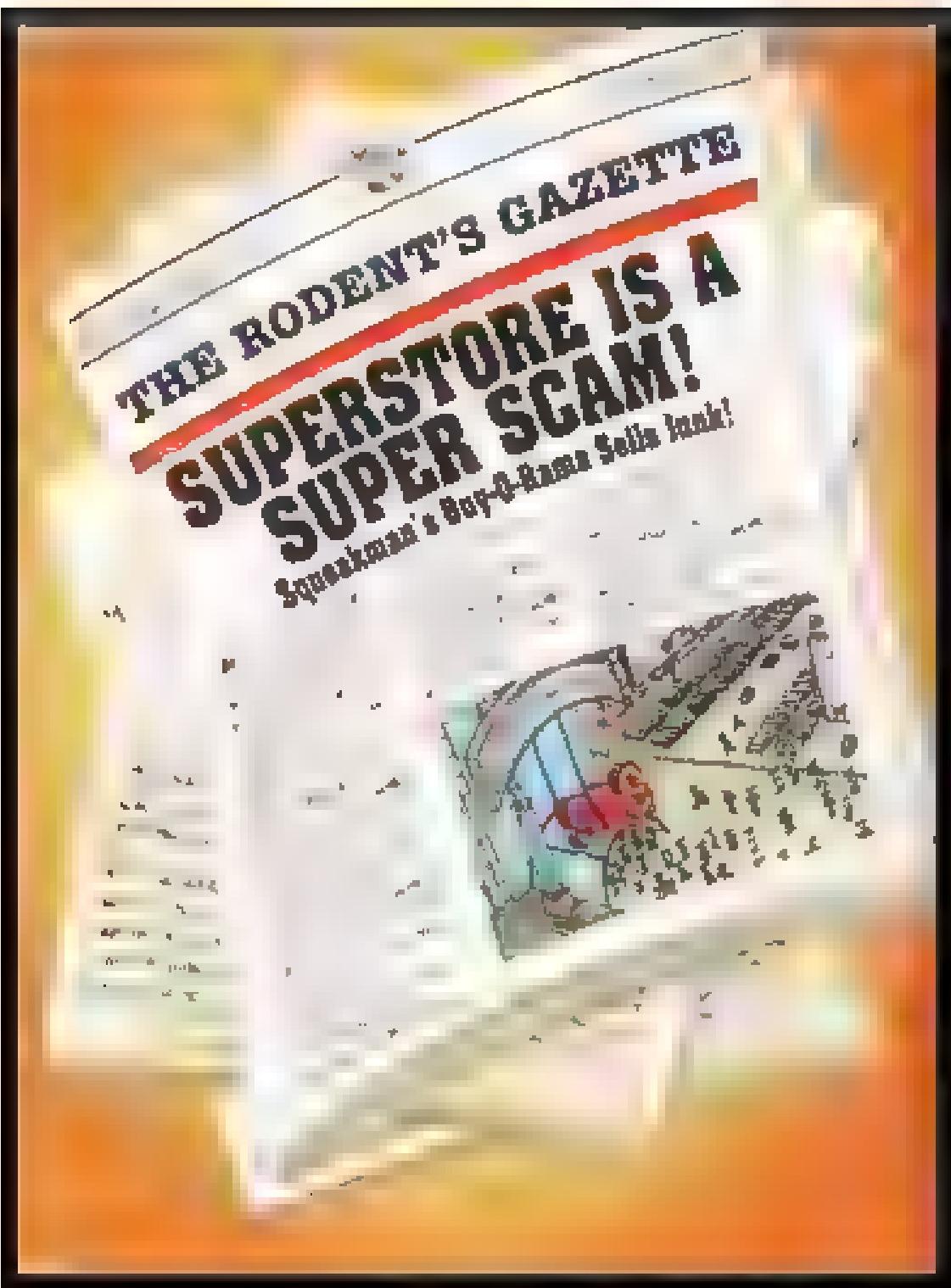
Just then I heard a mother screaming because a wheel had **fellied** off her new Squeakman's baby stroller.

Next I spotted two little mice on their way to school with new Squeakman's backpacks that had come **unstitched**, as well as a jogger who had lost a sole off one of his new Squeakman's **sneakers**.



Holey cheese! I thought. *Squeakman is ripping everybody off! Someone should turn that rotten fur ball in!* I reached the office, determined to write a **NASTY** article about him in my paper. I had already thought of the headline:





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WHAT WAS GOING ON?

I was heading for my desk when I realized there was something about the office. All my coworkers were dancing around wearing Squeakman's Super Headphones. "**G** **tta h ve it!** **G** **tta h ve it!**" they sang happily.

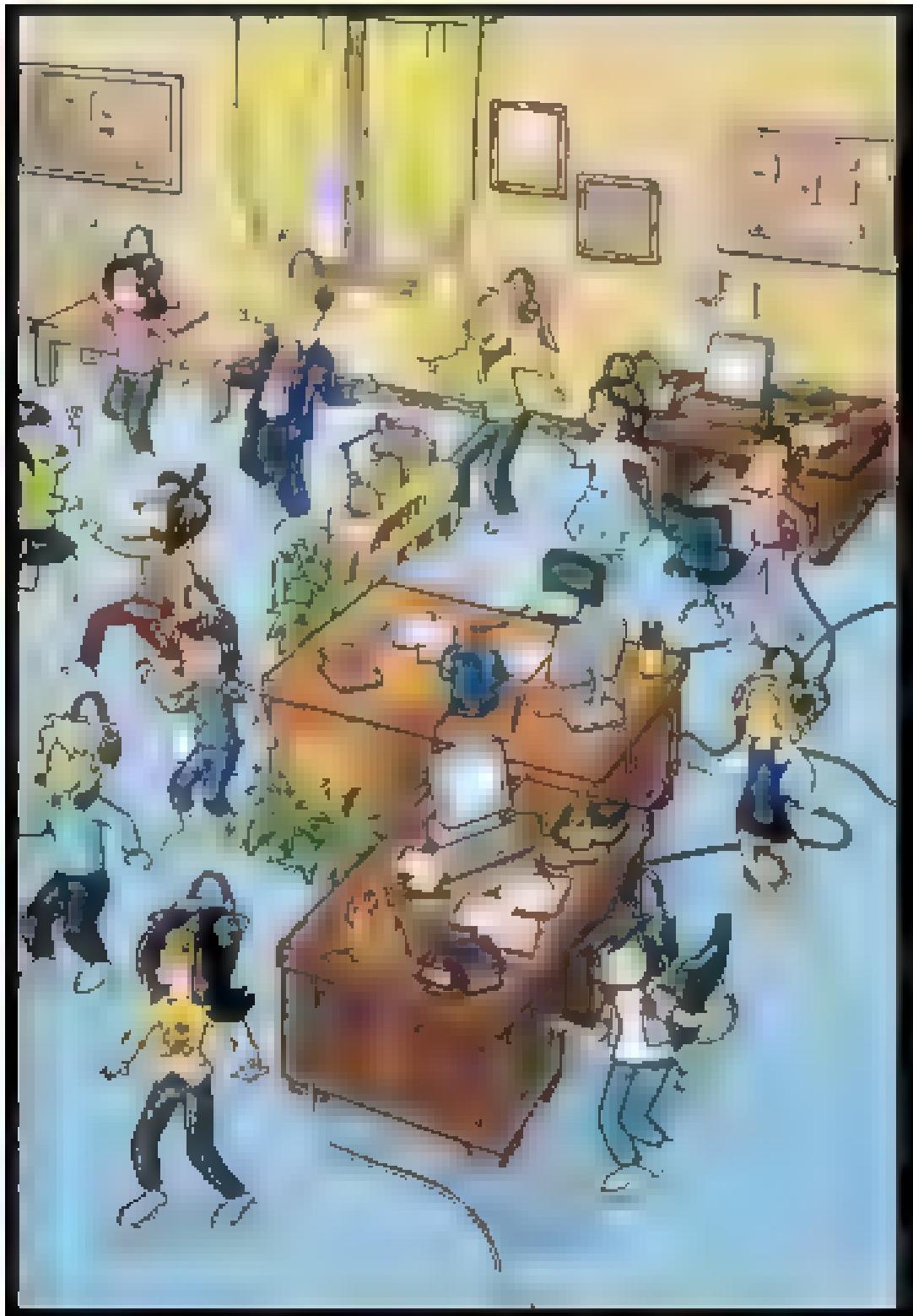
I grabbed one of the new editors, Katie Cheeseheart and **squeaked**. "What's going on?"

She looked at me with a **grin**. In addition to her headset, she was also wearing a T-shirt that said " **LOVE** 





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I gulped Something told me I already knew the answer

Katie lifted up her headset "We're listening to the Squeakman's station. The music's ~~SO~~ catchy! But I like it!" she crooned, dancing away.

Double gulp I ran to my desk.

A few minutes later, Paity Plumprat appeared at my **office** door. She held up the first proof of the newspaper.

"Look, Mr. Stilton! Isn't this great?" she asked.

When I saw it, I nearly **HIT** the ceiling. The whole last page



was an ad for Squeakman's!

In the ad, Cyril wore his phony grin by a slogan that read "**Gotta have it!**"

"Who approved this?" I asked
Patty my head **POUNDING**

"Your sister did, Mr. Stilton,"
Patty answered.

I called Thea. She wasn't in. "You have reached the voice mail of Thea Stilton," her message squeaked. "Sorry you missed me. I'm at the **SBS SUPER SALE**. Half price off all Squeakman's in-line skates, skateboards and accessories! **Gotta have it!**"

I groaned. **What was going on?**



PUT ME ON!

I left the office and headed home. I had to figure out why **every** **mouse** I knew was dying to shop at Squeakman's. It didn't make sense. New Mouse City had a lot of malls whose products were much better quality than Squeakman's.

I made myself a nice cup of tea and stared at my **Squeakman's Super Headphones**. They were turned off, or at least it seemed that way.

All of a sudden a **BUZZ** started coming out of the headset! A voice

commanded "PUT ME ON! PUT ME ON!" over and over.

Before I could stop myself I reached for the headset. I felt like I had **no choice**. I **had** to put it on! But before I could, the voice stopped.

Then it started up again "PUT ME ON . . . ZZZZZ!"



Finally, the headset turned off for good. It was **BROKEN**.

Just like before, I heard the sound of a thousand bubbles popping

Bloop! bloop! bloop!

Suddenly, I clapped my paw to my head "It's me!" I squeaked. At last,



I understood exactly what was going on!

But before I could do anything, the doorbell **rang**.

It was my nephew Benjamin and his friend Bugsy Wugsy. They were both happily wearing their headsets.

"Hi, Uncle! Can we go **ba** **ba** **ba**?"

Benjamin exclaimed.

"Go back **shuttle**!" I asked, already knowing the answer.

Bugsy  her eyes. "Where else Uncle G? To Squeakman's!" she shouted.



What did Geronimo finally understand?

YOU'D BETTER LIE DOWN

I pulled Benjamin and Bugsy inside. Then I removed their headphones.

"Wait . . ." Bugsy protested.

"What's going on, Uncle?" Benjamin asked, looking confused.

I tried to explain. "I think there is something **strange** about those headphones." I said. "For some reason, whenever anyone puts them on, they want to go **SHOPPING** at Squeakman's."

Benjamin scratched his head. "But the headphones only play **MUSIC**," he mumbled.



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"Yeah," agreed Bugsy. "Music can't convince you to go shopping, Uncle G. Maybe you'd better lie down. You're sounding a little **CLUCKY**. Did you get hit on the head recently? How many **WTF**'s do I have?"

Bugsy stuck her snout in my face.
I ignored her.

"I'm telling you, the headphones convince you to do things. Before you got here, mine started squeaking. '**PUT ME ON!**' Then they broke," I insisted.

Bugsy rolled her eyes. Benjamin coughed

Why didn't they believe me?

SUBLIMINAL SOUND WAVES

Then I got an idea. I would ask my friend the famous scientist Professor Paws Von Volt what he thought.

It took the professor less than ten minutes to solve the mystery.

"What you are describing, Geronimo, is something called . . .

. . .," he said. "They are sound waves that have the power to hypnotize. Anyone who listens to them will do whatever they are instructed to do."

"Like go shopping for **JUJU** at Squeakman's superstore?" I said.



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The professor nodded. "And with a powerful antenna, these could be spread miles away," he added.

I blinked, picturing the **HUMONGOUS** antenna we had spotted on top of SBS.

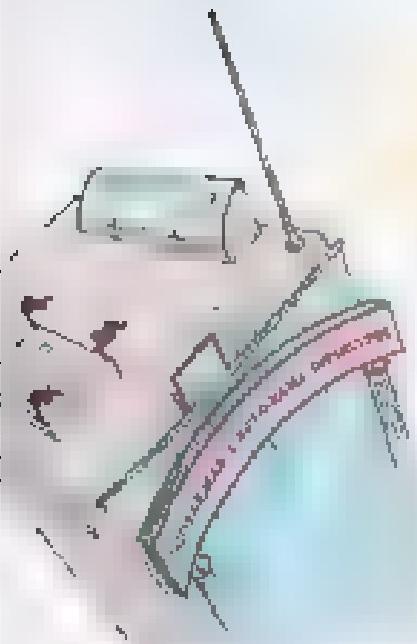
So that was how Squeakman was getting everyone to shop at his superstore!

"That place is no **SUPERSTORE!**" Bugsy squeaked. "It's a **super**



"You can say that again!" I agreed.

"That place is no **SUPERSTORE!** It's



a **super scam!**"

Bugsy repeated

Benjamin

giggled. Then

he grabbed my paw.

"Remember when you

RAN into that mouse with

your cart, and your headset

fell off? It must have

broken then," he guessed.

I shook my head, remembering It
was a good thing that had happened
Otherwise we might never have solved
the **mystery**. For once, my clumsiness
had paid off!

"

I'm bringing these

headphones to the police. They'll arrest that ~~rascal~~ swindler Cyril Squeakman! It's time he stopped ripping off everyone in New Mouse City!" I said.

I was about to run to the ~~police station~~, when Benjamin and Bugsy stopped me.

"Wait, Uncle G. We've got a better idea. We just need the professor's help with these," Bugsy said, holding up the headphones.



What do Benjamin and Bugsy want to do with the headphones?

WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

The professor knew what Benjamin and **BUGSY** wanted to do with the headphones — **WEEEEE** them! He got right to work

The next morning we met at my house, then headed to **SQUEAKMAN'S**. I couldn't wait to get to the superstore — but for a different reason this time!

As soon as we arrived,



I stared up at the helicopter and the **EXTRA-LONG** antenna on the roof. I could see exactly where those sound waves were transmitted!



Just like last time, **SOS** was mobbed with mice. But today nobody looked happy.

No one was singing or dancing or wearing headphones. In fact, everyone looked **FURIOUS**. And the line at the complaint counter was two miles **long**!



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"This cat fur coat has two **holes**
in the armpits!" yelled the large mouse
who had rolled her cart over me before

"This thermal blanket shoots out
flame! It set my bed on fire!" yelled
an old rodent with a cane

"This bottle **leaks**! It soaked my
precious mouselet!" yelled a mother
mouse.



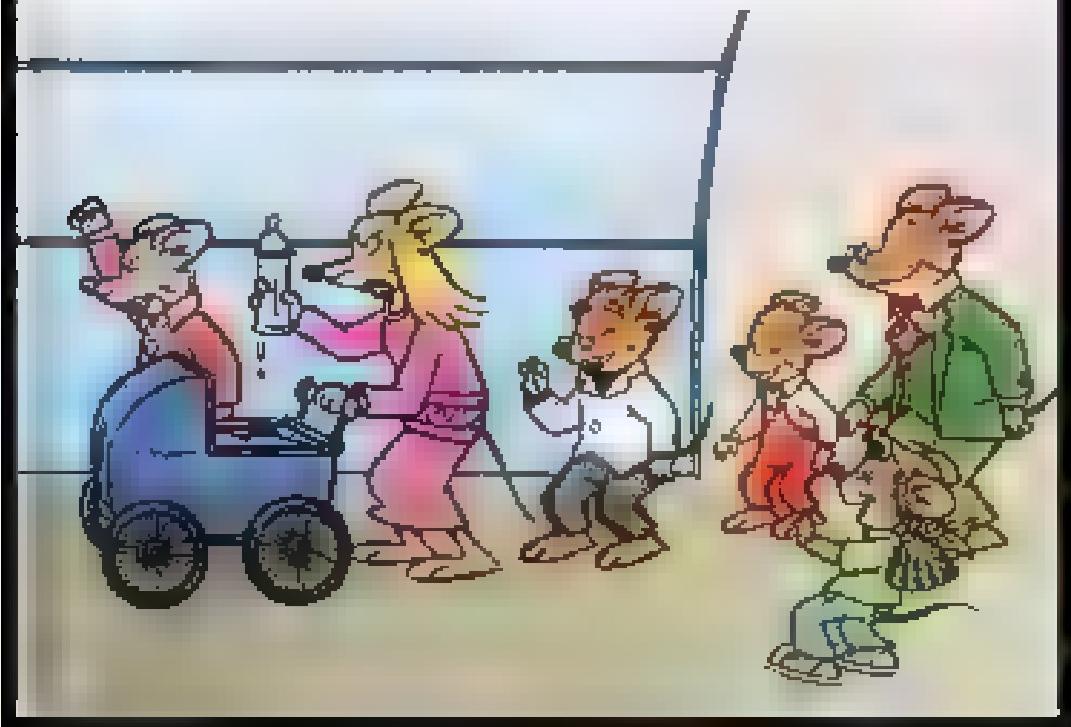
**"WE WANT OUR MONEY
BACK!"** yelled everybody

A mouse dressed in black tried to
shout everyone down. It didn't work.

The protests grew **LOUDER**.

"Where's Squeakman?" someone
shouted.

"Yeah, where's the **CROOK**?"
yelled someone else.



But Cyr. Squeakman was nowhere in sight.

"Looks like everyone got the ~~new~~ message through their headphones, Professor," Benjamin said with a grin

"**G tt r turn it! G tt r turn it!**" sang Bugsy collapsing in a fit of giggles

I smiled happily. It felt good to put **SQUEAKMAN THE SWINDLER** out of business.

As we returned to the car, we spotted the black helicopter.

Speaking of Squeakman . . .



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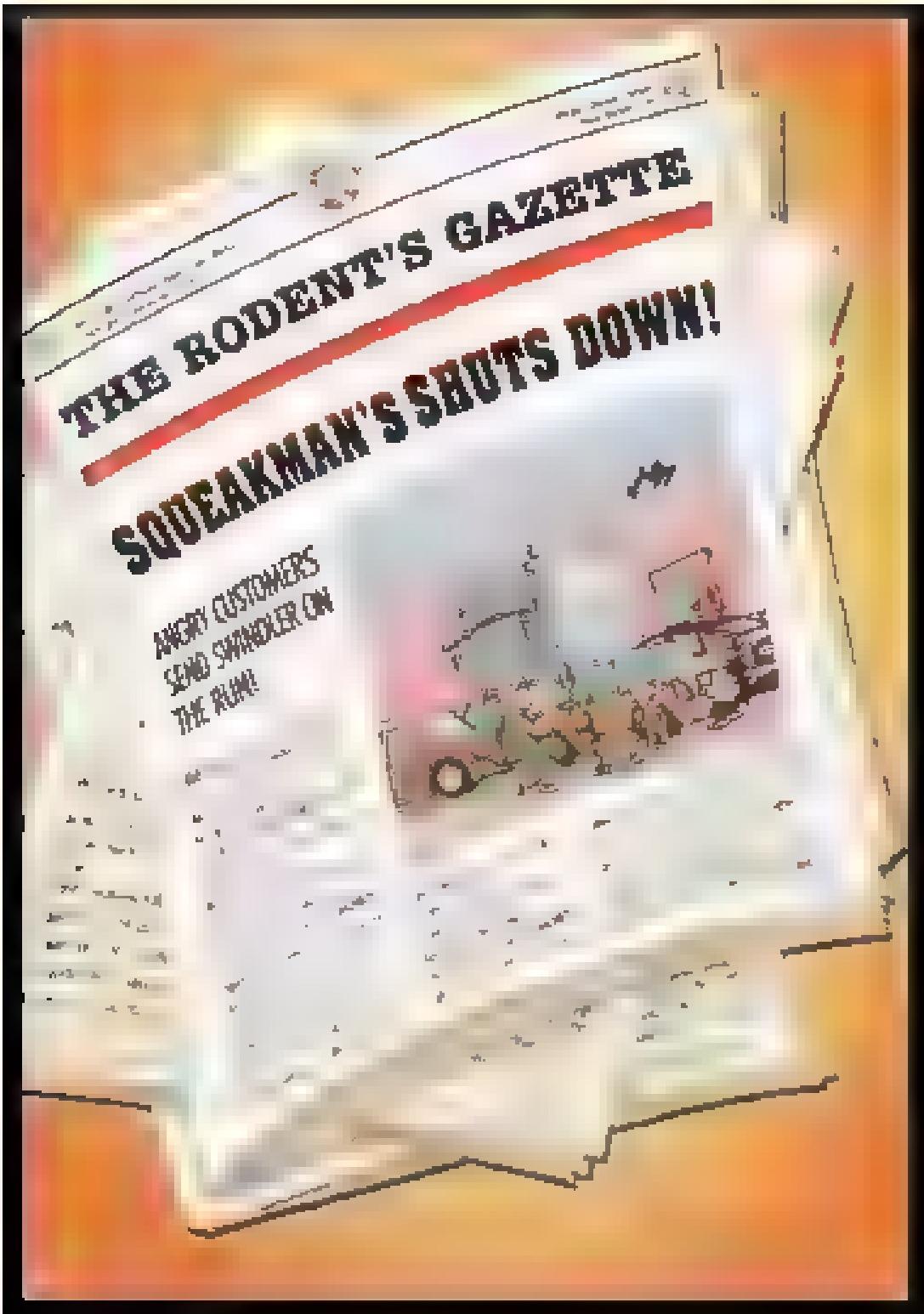
GOOD RIDDANCE TO SQUEAKMAN!

"Look, Uncle!" shouted Benjamin. "It's Cyril Squeakman! He's **sneaking** away!"

I watched as the hel copter lifted off, leaving the superstore far behind. I thought about calling the police but when I looked at the crowd of rodents **smiling**, I decided everything would be okay as it was.

"**Good riddance** to Squeakman!" everyone cheered.

The next day I ran an article on the front page of *The Rodent's Gazette* with the headline "**Squeakman's Shuts**



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Down!" It showed a photo of SBS and Cyril flying off in his helicopter. Something told me he wouldn't be coming back anytime soon.

I was congratulating myself on the great job I had done discovering this **SUPERSTORE SCAM** when Benjamin and Bugsy flew into my office. They had headphones on and were **DANCING** around.



"Uncle G, will you take us to the new toy store downtown? They're giving away free *CYBERLULU* action figures!" they pleaded.

Oh, no! Not again! I cringed. But a minute later Benjamin and Bugsy both collapsed into a fit of

"Just joking!" they squeaked, hugging me.

I grinned. I don't need a *CYBERLULU* action figure to know that I, Geronimo Stilton, am **SUPER** lucky to have such wonderful family and friends!





YOU'RE THE INVESTIGATOR!

DID YOU FIGURE OUT THE CLUES?

1 What strange thing do you notice on the roof of Squeakman's superstore?
The roof has an enormous antenna on it.

2 Why do Geronimo and Benjamin suddenly feel so happy and have a strange desire to dance?
Because of the music from the headphones.

3 Why did the security mouse say "danger averted" into his microphone?
Because he got the headphones back on Geronimo's head before Geronimo noticed anything fishy.

4 What did Geronimo finally understand?
That his headphones were who had made him want to dance and go shopping.

5 What do Benjamin and Bugsy want to do with the headphones?
They want to change the message played on the headphones so the mice will want to buy their broken merchandise.

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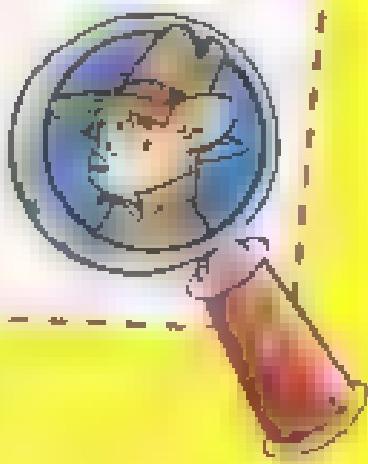
HOW MANY QUESTIONS DID YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY?

ALL 5 CORRECT: You are a SUPER SQUEAKY INVESTIGATOR!



FROM 2 TO 4 CORRECT: You are a SUPER INVESTIGATOR! You'll get that added squeak sound!

LESS THAN 2 CORRECT: You are a GOOD INVESTIGATOR! Keep practicing to get super squeaky!



Farewell until the next mystery!

Geronimo Stilton

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City Mouse Island, GERONIMO STILTON is Rector Emeritus of Mouseomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philology. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Razzie Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Antwerp 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best selling electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese knives and play-gos. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.

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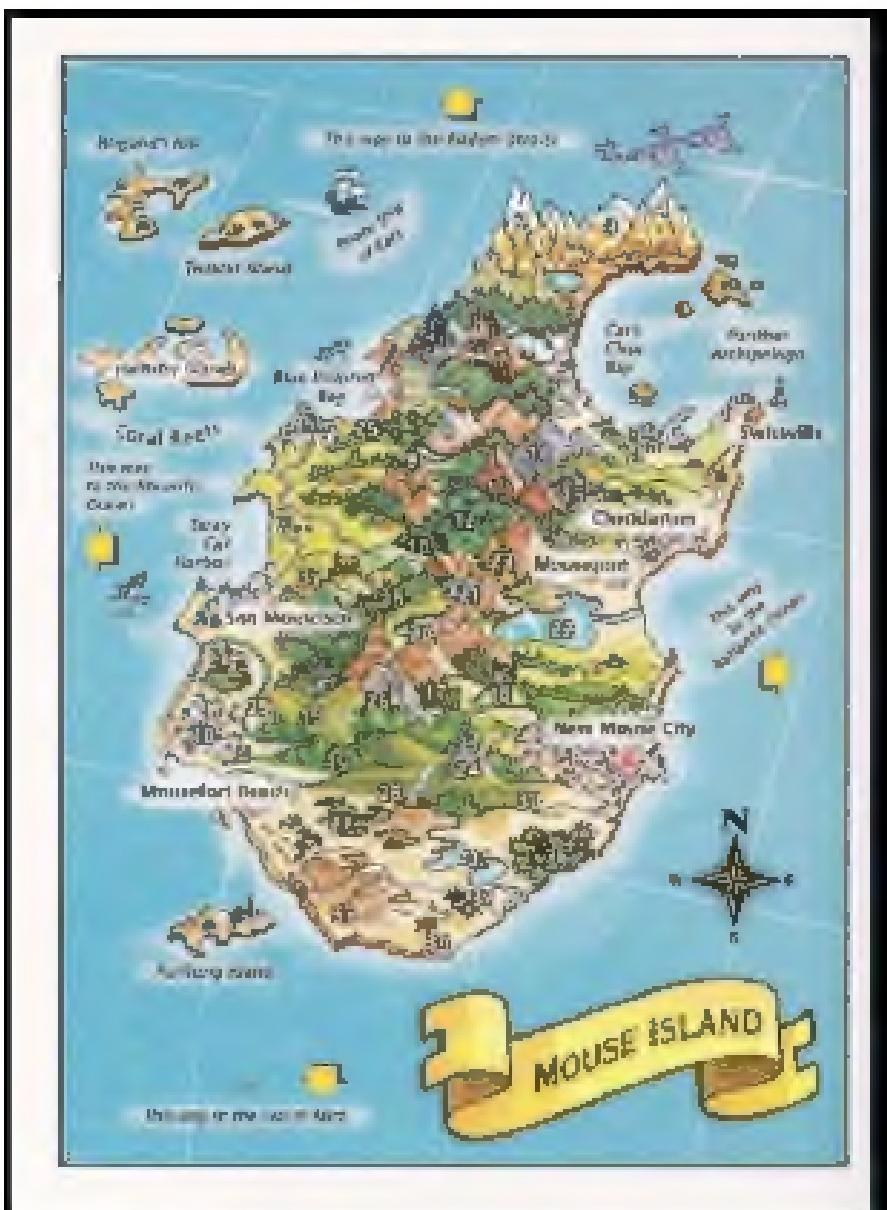


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Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 25. The Ratfink Gazette |
| 2. Cheesepack Parklet | 26. Trap's House |
| 3. Imperial International Airport | 27. Fashion District |
| 4. WHAT Radio and Television Station | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 5. Cheese Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 6. Fish Market | 30. Harbor Office |
| 7. Town Hall | 31. Mouserion Square Garden |
| 8. Snobstone Castle | 32. Golf Course |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 34. Hunching Meadow Tennis Courts |
| 11. Trade Center | 35. Curly w. Stand |
| 12. Movie Theater | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 13. Gym | 37. Hobbits District |
| 14. Carnegie Hall | 38. Public Library |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 39. Sheepyard |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 40. Theat'r House |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 19. Botanist Gardens | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 20. Cheap Junk Inn (Trap's store) | 44. Herkula Forest & Game |
| 21. Parking lot | 45. Petunie-Pretty Plant's House |
| 22. Museum of Modern Art | 46. Grandfather Williams's House |
| 23. University and Library | |
| 24. The Daily Rat | |

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Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slippery Slopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldtreeon Peak | 24. Cannibal Castle |
| 5. Ratshicketan | 25. Valley of the Giant |
| 6. Transatlantic | Sequoia |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 8. Knastikrat Volcano | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 9. Brumstone Lake | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 10. Poopdeck Pass | 29. Vale Vale |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 30. Raviney Ravines |
| 12. Dark Forest | 31. Great Marshes |
| 13. Main Mangrove Valley | 32. Moushmare Desert |
| 14. Gorm Bumps Dorge | 33. Oasis of the |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | Sweaty Camel |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 35. Cabbagetread Hill |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 36. Rockytrap Jungle |
| 18. Lat Batayac Marinas | 37. Rio Mosquah |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



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Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
until the next mystery!



Geronimo Stilton

CASE
CLOSED!

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Hello, mouse friends! Join me, Geronimo Stilton, in solving this whisker-licking-good mystery. Find clues along with me as you read. Together, we'll be super-squeaky investigators!

THE SUPER SCAM

A new Superstore had opened in New Mouse City, and Benjamin and I were eager to go shopping. But once we got inside, we had a sudden urge to dance like crazy—and buy everything in sight! All the other shoppers were doing the same thing. Could we figure out what was going on before it was too late?

This edit



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